MASONIC REGISTER
AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH, 7, 1840. [VOL. I.—NO. 27.

MASONIC.

The following extracts from the revised edition of Ahiman Rezon, will give those of our readers who are not masons, some idea of the principles of our institution, as laid down in our printed standards, they also afford some useful hints to the Brethren:—

CONCERNING THE BEHAVIOR OF FREEMASONS, IN THEIR PRIVATE CHARACTERS.

When a number of Brethren happen to meet, without any strangers among them, and not in a formed Lodge.

In this case, they are to salute each other in a courteous manner, as they are, or may be instructed in the Lodge. They must call each other *brother*; and freely communicate hints of knowledge, without disclosing secrets. They must take care in all their actions and conversations, that they are neither overseen, nor overheard by strangers. In this friendly intercourse, no brother must presume to derogate from the respect due to another, were he not a Freemason. For though all freemasons, as brothers, are upon the level, yet Freemasonry, as was said before, divests no man of those honours, to which he is entitled in a civil or literary capacity. On the contrary, it increases our respect for him, and teaches us to add to all his other honors, those which, as Freemasons, cheerfully pay to an eminent brother, distinguishing him above all of his rank and station, and serving him readily according to our ability.

When in the presence of strangers who are not Freemasons.

In the presence of persons who are not Freemasons the members of the society must be cautious of their words and behavior; so that the most observant stranger shall not be able to discover what is not proper. The impertinent and insnaring questions, or ignorant and idle discourse, of those who seek to discover the secrets and mysteries committed to Freemasons, must be answered with caution and prudence, and the discourse wisely, but politely diverted to another subject.

When at home and in the neighbourhood.

Freemasons ought to be moral men, and fully qualified, as is required in the foregoing sections. Consequently they should be good husbands, good parents, good sons, and good neighbours; not absenting themselves unnecessarily from home; avoiding all excess injurious to themselves or families. A Freemason who behaves ill to his family, either personally in not providing for their wants by honest industry, or who idles away his time in dissipation and drunkenness, shall be accused before his Lodge and stand to its award. The Lodge must be composed of virtuous and industrious men, and not of drones who would live upon the labor of others.

Of behaviour towards a foreign brother or strangers.

Strangers and foreigners, who are Freemasons, are to be cautiously and scrupulously examined, that the craft may not be imposed upon by pretenders or cowans, and if an impostor should be discovered, he must be rejected with scorn and contempt, and information be given to the Grand Lodge. Such as are found to be good men and true, are to be respected as brothers; they are to be relieved, if in want or be directed how to obtain relief; and to be recommended to employment, if an opportunity should offer.

Of behaviour behind a brother's back as well as before his face.

Freemasons have always been charged to avoid all manner of slandering and backbiting of any persons, but more especially of their brethren; to avoid all malice and unjust resentment, or talking disrespectfully of a brother's person or performance. Nor must they suffer any others to spread unjust reproaches, or calumnies, against a brother behind his back, nor to injure him in his fortune, occupation, or character. They shall defend such a brother, and give him notice of any danger, or injury, with which he may be threatened, to enable him to escape the same, as far as consistent with honour, prudence, and the safety of religion, morality, and the state, but no further.*

Concerning differences and law suits, if any should unhappily arise among the brethren.

If any brother do any injury to another, or if any difference should arise about any private buisness, application must be made to the offender's Lodge, to have the matter in dispute adjusted by the brethren. And if either party be not satisfied with the determination of the Lodge, an appeal may be carried to the Grand Lodge. But law suits are not to be instituted until the matter can be decided by the brethren. And if it be a matter that wholly concerns *Freemasonry*, law suits are to be entirely avoided, and the advice of prudent brethren is to be followed, as they are the best judges of such differences.

But when references are either impracticable or unsuccessful, and courts of law and equity must at last decide, you must still follow the general rules of Freemasonry already laid down. You must avoid all wrath, malice, rancour, and personal ill-will, in carrying on the suit with a brother. You must neither say nor do any thing to hinder the continuance, or renewal, of that brotherly-love and friendship which are the glory and cement of our ancient fraternity.

In this way we shall show to the world, the benign influences of *Freemasonry*, as wise, true, and faithful brethren have done before us, and as all who shall follow us, and would be thought worthy of that name will do until architecture shall be dissolved, with the great fabric of the world, in the last general conflagration! 2 Pet. iii 10—13.

These charges, and such others as shall be given in a way that cannot be written, are to be strictly and conscientiously observed. That no one may plead ignorance of them, they should be read, or made known to the *new* brethren, at their *initiation* and at such other times as the Master shall direct.

*It is from this rule, that the Anti-masons, made us BOUND to support a Mason, notwithstanding any crime he might perpetrate!! A Mason is under no more obligation to a bad member of the Order than he is to a stranger, and no brother ever was so "ignorant," as to put a different construction to it.—Ed.)

MASONIC ANECDOTES.

In the year 1748, Monsieur Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, was shipwrecked on an island, whose viceroy was a Freemason. In his destitute condition, he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortunes in a manner which completely proved that he was no impostor. The viceroy made the Masonic signs, which being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognised and embraced each other as brethren of the same order. The viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

In the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, one of the King's guards having his horse killed under him, was so entangled among its limbs that he was unable to extricate himself. While he was in this situation, an English dragoon galloped up to him, and with his uplifted sabre, was about to deprive him of life. The French soldier having with much difficulty, made the signs of Masonry, the dragoon recognized him as a brother, and not only saved his life, but freed him from his dangerous situation.

A Scottish gentleman, in the Prussian service, was taken prisoner at the battle of Lutzen and conveyed to Prague, along with four hundred of his companions in arms; as soon as it was known that he was a mason, he was released from confinement; he was invited to the tables of the most distinguished citizens; and requested to consider himself as a Freemason, and not as a prisoner of war.

During the American revolution, a citizen on board a privateer, was captured by the British, and the whole crew imprisoned at Edinburgh. The following night after their imprisonment, a lodge held its communication near the prison. During the time of refreshments some of the brethren visited the prisoners. This American manifested himself to be a mason, and was recognized as such. During the same evening, he was permitted to visit the lodge, and associate with the craft. By the friendly aid of the brethren, he was liberated from confinement, had the freedom of the city, and shortly after was sent back to his country and family.

A masonic brother, who escaped from Ireland, during the last national difficulties, protected the whole crew from a pirate, by his knowledge of Masonry.

An American was on board a British vessel on a passage to Europe. The vessel was captured, and taken to Brest. This was at the time when Bonaparte was in possession of Egypt. The crew, therefore, was sent to Alexandria, and put into close confinement. A gentleman was seen to pass the street by the prison wearing a sash of many colors. The American believing it to be a masonic badge, wanted nothing but opportunity to make himself known as a mason. Soon however it happened the same person wearing the same sash, came to the prison. This person proved to be the principle officer of the city, and recognized the American as a Mason; took him to his own house, paid his passage in the first vessel, gave him sixty crowns, and dismissed him. Who would not wish for humanity's sake, principles which produce such an effect might be more generally understood?

[From the Christain Intelligencer.

FEMALE MASONRY.

The following singular dream would not have been inserted, had not the parents of the young dreamer

(who, by the way, is a person of stainless reputation) asserted that it was related, to their perfect recollection, ten years ago, and has since frequently been the subject of conversation. It will be particularly interesting to *Female Masons*.

A DREAM.

It was a fine evening, but my spirits being somewhat depressed, I retired early to my rest. After committing myself to Him who is ever ready to hear all that put their trust in him, I fell into a sweet sleep. There appeared a man with a beautiful countenance, who wished me to follow him. I did so; and we passed through several rooms, when we came to a door, where stood a man with a *sword*. He asked me for a *password*. My companion told me to say "*Hope*" which I did. We then entered the adjoining apartment. I was immediately bound, and a bandage was placed over my eyes. He then took me several times round the room, I heard a number of voices at different times.—One asked what I wanted. My guide whispered to me to answer "To be brought out of darkness into light and be made free." Immediately I was unbound, the bandage removed from my eyes; when the room was so light that it was some time before I could see clearly. It exceeded any thing for brightness, that I ever beheld. I then felt something on my bosom, like the point of a pin; and the first thing I saw was *two swords* pointed to my breast. One was the sword of *justice*, the other of *truth*; so said my guide. The room I found lit up with many lights. There was a large black coffin before me, into which I was told to enter and fear not. I knelt down in it, with the swords still at my breast when I was commanded to swear that I would not reveal to any one any thing I had seen, or should see and hear. I took the oath—trembling much—but was told not to be afraid; that no harm would happen to me if my intentions were good; but if not the sword of justice would overtake me. I was then conducted to a small room, but very light; where was standing seven large candlesticks. There were also an altar, on which was a bible. In one corner of the apartment was a *ladder*. All above it resembled the blue sky. While a great number of *masons* were ascending the ladder, my guide told me, to look; and I saw the appearance of a large *Eye*; when he said, "Behold the All-seeing Eye, the searcher of hearts." It instantly disappeared, when I saw coming down the ladder, a Man clothed in white—his garments exceeded the snow for whiteness—his hair was grey and hung in ringlets over his shoulders. He had a girdle round his waist—the sun shone a round his head: and directing me to follow, he went towards the altar and commanded me to kneel. Then appeared a middle aged man, with a *mallet* in his hand exclaiming, "as they smote our brother Hiram, so I smite thee." Then the one which had such a godlike appearance, said, "Hold fast to thine integrity." He presented me with a *rule* and a *square*, saying, "Let these be emblematical of your profession: walk by the rule and square your conduct with all mankind. Keep within *compass*, and let *faith*, *hope* and *charity* be your support. Whenever you see a brother in distress whoever he may be, or in what place, *assist him*, as far as it lies within your power; and let the widow and the *orphan* be your care. Remember that I am the father of all." He commanded me to take hold of his garment and swear by the Father, Son and H. G host, that I would do all he required of me. "Be silent," said he "and you shall know yet more." I took the oath, he ascended the ladder, all the company following him. I was left alone with my former guide. I then ascended it likewise, and beheld the funeral of a mason. The concourse of people was too great to be numbered and the place too spacious to be seen to the whole extent. Four men were bearing the coffin: they put it down in the midst: when a mason arose out of it and joined the procession. They were uniformly dressed, and their *emblements* painted on their *aprons*. I then followed my guide down the ladder and awoke. The room was perfumed with spices of various kinds, which appeared to remain some time after I awoke. I was much frightened—arose and ran into my parents chamber, to get a light; thinking there must be some one in my own chamber. I told this dream to my parents the next morning, which is now ten years since; and is still as clearly impressed on my memory, as it was at the time I first related it. Perhaps, if I had remained *silent* I might have seen greater wonders; but as I was sensible it was only a dream, I did not feel bound by my sleeping oaths; and besides, it proves the truth of the old saying, *A woman cannot* KEEP A SECRET."

PHEBE.

MISCELLANY.

DEATH.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools: and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who while living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that, after a few days burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his *death unto his life*. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us, who are alive.—Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as the lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced upon its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me, and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness, and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown.—There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men.—There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words, "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold and riches more than the sand in the Caspian sea: he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it, he never stirred up the holy fire among the Magi; nor touched his God with the sacred rod according to the laws: he never offered sacrifice, nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people nor numbered them: but he was most valient to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed, my enemies meeting together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither, I neither carried gold nor horse nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."*

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

One of the most surprising narratives we have any where met with is contained in the history of a scene of the "Reign of Terrour," which we copy from a recent work entitled the Journal of a Nobleman.

'Two men by the name of Roux, father and son, who are still living, and are employed in the Navy Office at Toulon, were condemned to death after the evacuation of that place by the English, on pretence of having betrayed the interests of France. They were, with 900 others, ordered to be shot at a place called 'Le Champ de Bataille.' Without being made to undergo any form of trial, without even having had an opportunity of being heard in explanation of their conduct, they were torn from the bosom of their family, and taken to the place of execution. When all the intended victims were placed in a heap in the middle of the plain, several field pieces, loaded with grape shot were brought up close to them, as well as a regiment of cavalry, and one of infantry, which were to charge those whom the cannon had not wholly destroyed, and finish them. The two Roux had been separated from each other. The son, fearing lest the discharge of cannon should not despatch him with sufficient speed, placed himself as much forward as he possibly could. He was so close to the battery, that when the guns went off the power of the explosion knocked him down. The instinct which impels mankind to the preservation of life, made him feign that he was dead when the cavalry were ordered to charge. A dragoon gave him a sabre cut, which made a large, though not dangerous wound on his back. The infantry came after, and one of the soldiers perceived that young Roux had not ceased to breathe, gave him a violent blow on the head, with the butt end of his musket, which so completely stunned him that he lay for several hours senseless on the ground. The slain having been left on the Champ de Bataille, to be all removed the next morning for interment, were soon stripped of their garments by the liberated prisoners of the bagnio, and all left nearly naked. During the night young Roux recovered the use of his senses. It was of the utmost difficulty he recalled to memory what had occurred. The horrors of the day presented themselves at last fully to his mind. He rose to quit, if possible, the scene of death, and it was then that he perceived that he was naked and covered with blood. He sought to find me so garments among the dead by whom he was surrounded, and in his efforts to take off from the body of one of the unfortunate men some clothes which had escaped the pillage, he found that life was not extinct in him. The desire of saving a fellow creature prompted every means that could bring timely relief, and they were not used in vain. The joy and surprise of both may be easily conceived when they discovered that they were the father and son. They alone had escaped the carnage! It was with difficulty they could procure sufficient clothing from among the surrounding victims of this act of unheard of atrocity, in order to withdraw from the horrid scene. Fortunately for them, no sentinel had been stationed to watch over this field of butchery, and the Roux returned without any obstacle to their house. It was with the utmost difficulty they obtained access to it. At that time of night the afflicted family did not suppose that they were roused for any other purpose than that of furnishing new victims to the blood thirsty agents of anarchy and destruction. No words could express the sensations of the wife and children on beholding again those whose supposed destruction had plunged them into grief and despair. The wounds were immediately dressed, and before daylight they retired to their country house, situated a few leagues in the interior of Provence, where they remained concealed until the 'Reign of Terrour' was no more, and the cannibals of the south had ceased to have their days.

* "He who wrote in this manner," says Hazlit, "also wore a mitre, and is now a heap of dust, but when the name of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty sound."

They then returned to Toulon, to the amazement of their friends and acquaintances, many of whom could not, for a long time, persuade themselves that they were not the ghosts of the two men who had been included in the massacre of the Champ de Bataille. These two men to this day live, esteemed and respected by their fellow-citizens, by whom the particulars of their miraculous fortunate escape are not forgotten.

A NEW KIND OF CANDLES.

There is a new method of making candles, which perhaps few of our readers have heard of. The object of the manufacturers is to make tallow candles resemble wax candles, both in appearance and burning, and this they accomplish in a surprisingly successful manner. The process employed to transform the tallow into a substance like white wax, is very ingenious. It consists in various operations of boiling and purifying, which we do not consider ourselves at liberty to describe; and, at a certain stage, the tallow is run into moulds, so as to form cakes of about an inch in thickness, and a foot or two in length and breadth. These cakes, when cool, are piled one upon the top of another, but with a layer of coarse mat between, to keep the cakes from sticking to each other. The pile of cakes thus interpersed with mats, is next put into a press of enormous power; and pressure being applied, a dark yellow oil is squeezed from the cakes. No screw-press can give force sufficient for this operation: a hydraulic press is used, wrought by a steam-engine, and the oil is seen pouring like a shower down the sides of the pile, and running away in troughs at the bottom. After the oil has been sufficiently expelled, the cakes are taken out, and they seem as hard as a piece of board; in short, the tallow has been *warified*, and has lost both the smell and the taste of grease. The cakes are now ready to be melted and run into candle moulds in the usual manner; but something else is wanting to complete the process. The wicks consist of three strands of cotton plaited together, and upon these the candles are moulded. The plaiting of the wicks is of much importance. In common tallow candles, it is observed that the wick in burning stands up in the centre of the flame, and therefore, weakens the light. Snuffing remedies this evil, though only for a minute or two, and constant snuffing is a serious annoyance. When the wicks are plaited, they do not stand up in the flame. As the candle consumes, the burnt wick curls aside out of the flame, and presents a nose to the atmosphere, by which the substance of the wick is dispersed without any snuffing, as in the case of wax candles. So close, indeed is the resemblance which these compressed tallow candles have to candles of wax that no person, without careful examination, could discover the difference, while they are only about one half the price. It was a Frenchman we believe, who discovered the process of making candles on this principle, but it has been brought to perfection only by English capital and perseverance. At the large establishment of Messrs. Edward Price and Co., at Vauxhall, which we lately visited, candles are now made according to this ingenious process of manufacture to an inconceivably large amount; and, though far inferior in brilliancy of light to our own beautiful gas, they are unquestionably a great improvement on the old kind of tallow candles, which, indeed, they must entirely supersede in warm climates.

ADVICES (USELESS)

The practice of buckling a leathern belt round the waists of children, particularly round little boys, which has lately come into fashion, is, we observe from a late medical work, discountenanced as frequently injurious to growth. The writer, who is Mr. Hare, surgeon in Leeds, in treating of curvatures of the spine thus observes: "A custom at present prevails to a very considerable extent, of using a leathern belt buckled round the waist of boys when they commence wearing their clothes of woolen cloth: this practice, unless adopted with great care, has a direct tendency to produce a contracted state of the chest and upper part of the abdomen, similar in effect, though not in the same degree, to that produced by corsets in growing girls; it is hoped that it is only necessary to point out the evil, and that parents will at once see the necessity of avoiding it."

Mr Hare, in the same work, presents a number of lamentable cases of curvatures of the spine, consumptions, and other diseases, produced by tight lacing; but that is a subject of which it is not of the smallest use to speak, with the hope of remedying the evil; our young women have got a crotchet into their head that small waists are handsome, though, by the way we never heard any gentleman say so—and, consequently, no species of admonition will cause them to desist from the pernicious practice of squeezing themselves out of shape. A medical friend lately suggested the propriety of our making publicly known the injury which girls and young women also suffer by a strange practice lately introduced, of wearing the shoulders of their frocks down upon their arms. The injury, he told us, does not consist in the exposure of the whole neck and shoulders to the atmosphere, though that, no doubt, is something, but in the prevention of a free motion of the arms, by which the chest is confined or prevented from expanding in a natural manner. We make this known through the wide circle of our readers, but without expecting that the notice will cause a single young woman to alter the fashion of her attire. Like tight lacing, the silly custom of exposing the shoulders and pinning down the arms, must be left to run its course.—*Ed. Journal.*

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

Colonel Maceroni, among his "Seasonable Hints," in the Mechanics' Magazine, states that he had only three pairs of boots for three years, and he thinks he shall not want any more for five years to come. And why? Why, because he has studied out a preserving preparation, suitable to the leather, and applied it in a suitable manner. Now, is there no use in that, brother mechanic? A little matter I know it is. Life, and the comforts of it, and the use of it too, are all made up of little matters. The ocean and the land are made up of little matters, drops of water and particles of dust. I come every way, in a word, to one and the same conclusion. The mechanic, to conduct his business to advantage, or to live like a decent human being, to enjoy health and strength, to do justice to himself or family—to be, in a word, comfortable, a respectable, or a useful person—must not be an ignorant or an inattentive gentleman: and the more he knows and studies of the right sort of knowledge, the better it will be. This he must do for himself. Other men may do something for him. They *have* done a great deal, as I have shown. But they have not done, they cannot do all; no nor the best part. A man's mind, like his eating and breathing, belongs to himself; and I should be as sorry to have my *thinking* done by my neighbor, as to have him eat up all my bread and potatoes, when I am as hungry as he is. I do not know why Colonel Maceroni, or anybody else, should have the better of me or my reader in that affair of the boots. I advise you to see to it, at any rate. And do you ask what is the colonel's recipe? I'll tell you what *mine* is. Go, see for yourself, my good friend. You might have invented it as well as he: but as you have not do the best you can; read it remember it, and practise it. Do the same in other matters. Keep a bright look out. Take care of yourself. Mind your business. See, hear, read, think and my life on it, you'll come out as well as Colonel Maceroni.

There is a great deal that passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking your "*lucky fellows*" when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it *in the right way*. Their luck comes to them because they work for it; it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be *hard* luck indeed if he do not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. "One needs only," says an American writer, "to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and feats which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly discovered processes. And yet these are the men who are called the *lucky* fellows, and sometimes envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well-earned! or that it is just as much in *my* power to go ahead" (as the Yankees say) as it was in theirs.—*Ed. Journal.*

Working Cows.—The Worcester (Mass.) *Ægis*, says, it is believed that a team of Cows properly managed will do all the ordinary work of a small farm and furnish as much milk as if the animals were not worked. The Maine Farmer publishes the result of an experiment in working cows, made by a Mr. Hoyt of Amesbury, Mass., many years ago. He was a small farmer, cultivating only twenty-five acres from which he derived a support for himself and family. For breaking up and his other heavy operations, he usually obtained a stronger team, but performeed the ordinary work on the farm with his two cows. He worked them three hours early in the morning and three more late in the afternoon, permitting them to rest during the interval, feeding them generously all the while, and milking them three times a-day. It was a common remark that they furnished more butter and cheese, than any other two cows in town. The experiment deserves a careful trial.

Refreshments at half past eleven.—A fellow with a dashing exterior and a young wife, lately sported a month at one of our fashionable boarding houses. One day as himself and lady were going out for a walk, the landlady presented her bill, upon which the gentleman drew a check for $300, requesting the landlady to favor him with the change, as his lady had shopping to do, and it would save him the drawing of another check. This was readily complied with, and the lady and gentleman walked off, requesting certain refreshments to be prepared at half past eleven, when they would return. Before half past eleven, the landlady made the following singular discoveries. That the gentleman had no money in the bank; that the lady had carried off all the extra clothing belonging to herself and husband under her cloak, besides sundry valuable articles belonging to other boarders; that there was nothing in the two trunks left behind, but a pair of worn out stockings, a broken comb, and an odd suspender; that she had given a month's boarding of two persons and $180, in cash, for a check that was good for nothing; and that it was hardly likely that the lady and gentleman would *be back at half past eleven*, so it would not be necessary to prepare the refreshments.

The lady and gentleman probably walked on board of some steamboat and were off, as they have not since been heard of.—*N. O. Pic.*

Religion and Physic.—Lorenzo Dow was a compounder of Medicine, as well as a stirrer up of the devout. We once heard him wind up thus, without a moment's pause or the least alteration of voice, in passing from religion to physic:

"And thine, O lord, shall be the glory and hosannahs and dominion for ever and ever, Amen my pills, O beloved brethren, are for sale at Mr. Worthington's apothecary shop, price 25 cents a box—certain cure for colic!—*N. Y. Signal.*

A Fat Office.—We have before us the return of N. H. Jewitt, Esq., inspector of pot and pearl ashes for the past year, from which we learn that after paying all his expenses for rent of the warehouse, clerk hire, laborers &c., amounting to $16 19628, the neat little sum of *ten thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars*, was left for the inspector general.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Something Suspicious.—We are informed that on Monday evening about 8 o'clock, three young men and a lad about 15 years of age, apparently sailors, came ashore at the Long Wharf in a whale boat, having with them three large and heavy chests, several full bags, a Large clay furnace, dinner pot and other articles. They landed the chest, &c., and carried them to some house, and yesterday morning went off again in their boat, over towards Canonicut, saying that they were going a fishing, but had not returned last evening. They gave different accounts of themselves, one saying that they came from Fall River, and another from Providence. They had but two oars in their boat, one about six feet, and the other 12 or 14 feet long. One of them passed a gold ($5?) piece before they left here yesterday morning.—*Newport R. I. Republican.*

POPULAR TALES.

MONSIEUR DURANCE.

THE MAN OF TWO ADVENTURES.

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent, when a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuits, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments in that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house, and was most parentally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in years, round and ruddy in aspect, social in his habits, and possessed of one of the very best of hearts. He had one foible, however, which made the good soul almost intolerable to all mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the busines, he had conducted, he had seldom been out of Bordeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with *two adventures*. Oh, those two adventures! Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words, "Did you ever hear me tell"—or even, "Did you ever"—come from M. Durance's ripe, without an internal shudder, and an instant retreat if possible. "Did you" itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For if the good old merchant once begun, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled, after dinner, to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were uninteresting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing for ever! Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetuities, we shall repeat them once more with a little more brevity than it was the honest man's practice to employ.

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel, but at the time when he found it convenient to set out, this vehicle required a slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it best to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles' distance from his own house. Accordingly after giving full instructions to the servant, M. Durance set out respectably mounted, and well armed, for he carried a large sum in bills and money. To do him justice, he had a stout spirit and a fair share of courage; yet not much of either was required to travel alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency into which the famous Fouche had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopt before nightfall at a village inn, rested comfortably, and next morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men, also on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course, and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him.—M. Durance thought of pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt, and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The merchant was at this time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment.—While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them and advanced to our friend,

"Now is the time," thought Durance, "here comes the demand for my purse! What is to be done?" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I am come—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourselves." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger.—Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis? Mystified thoroughly, Durance almost by accident, bolted out a "No?" The man again spoke, and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away and rejoined his band.

M. Durance never was so much puzzled in his life, but his spirits rose as he saw no intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away, when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis at once—here they are—if you choose to go away. Now' do take them," continued he; "upon my word we cannot offer more." Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the same time said, Now, do take it without another word. It will be as well for you, perhaps, as you are alone; and I can tell you there are some determined fellows yonder, who would think nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and, upon my honor, we cannot give more. With this the man turned to move away. Part of his last speech had made a wonderful impression on Durance, who though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strangely liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully, till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demaray, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in this vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their further progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentlemanly looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir, you will have the goodness to go with me." "What!" said the merchant, "whither must I go? and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me to have the honor of conducting you to M. Fouche?" ejaculated M. Durance, in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I should be sent for by" ——— The man cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would arrive in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and every thing about you, answer the description given to me. I cannot, therefore, be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouche, who will himself explain his business with you which is more than I can do. There was no resisting this peremptorily civil request. By the stranger's directions, M. Durance sent on his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of the police.

Fouche received our hero with the utmost politeness, and, after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouche and the gentleman in black were things synonymous.—"You are M. Durance, of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house that bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of ——— (naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of ——— in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B., near the Boulevards; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock." These are but few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purposes, and habits, which the public functionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouche evidently enjoyed his visiter's wonder, and before any reply could be made, the police functionary continued in these rather startling words:—"Sir, are you a man of courage?" We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him, and he was now roused to make the reply "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question." "Sir," answered M. Fouche, "you are to be robbed and murdered this night." "Robbed and murdered!" "Gracious heaven! can this be true!" "It is true" returned M. Fouche. "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you, affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality you will go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep—and leave the rest to me. It will be unneccessary, and indeed, improper, for you to look into the closets or beneath the bed. In short, do nothing, but go to rest as you would do at home, and leave the rest to me. Have you resolution to do this?" M. Durance meditated a little, as was not unnatural, before giving an answer, on which the head of the police addressed him again. "If you do not feel inclined to go through with his affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done." "No no," exclaimed our friend, "I will do it myself. I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands." "You may do so, sir," replied M. Fouche, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouche, and having procured a street vehicle, was driven to the hotel whither he had sent his servant and carriage.—The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshment, it wanted little more than two hours of bed-time. The merchant felt himself incapable of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But, with his usual kindness of heart he did not wish to confine others on his account. His servant Demaray, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends. "By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance: "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here again by eleven." After this, M. Durance attempted to read, but, finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book, and *thought*.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave way. He looked around him. As M. Fouche had stated, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intended murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to satisfy himself before he lay down. But he recollected his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouche had been on other points—and he resolved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep," proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and senses were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but they were not continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bedchamber was opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen. M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with a dagger and pistols. One of them advanced to the bed-side and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the lineaments of his own servant, Joseph Demaray!—The first act of the men was to rip up and rifle the portmanteau; but while they were doing so together, each being unable, seemingly, to trust his companions M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate death. Ignorant of the means

prepared by M Fouche for his succor, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body: but he was not kept long in this state, for, ere the rifling of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet doors burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bed-room door at the same time was opened, and lights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Ah ha!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure! More wonderful still than the first, was it not?"

Whatever may be thought on this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouche, resulted simply from the circumstance of the villain Demaray having written from Bordeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may be in part true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest symptoms of preparation would have awakened the suspicions of Demaray, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to other points, M. Fouche, doubtless, had been afraid lest M. Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant Demaray, and other particulars, might have prematurely done something to betray the scheme.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, grateful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business, to his satisfaction in Paris and in due time returned to Bordeaux. It was not till after his return, notwithstanding many inquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two adventures. Finally, however, by dint of local investigation, the mystery was solved. And what, does the reader think, was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him, with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple. In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another. They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that nobody would appear to bid against them But, on seeing M. Durance in their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same "errand," as themselves. On consultation, they thought it worth their while to endeavor to buy up his opposition, by the offer of a good round sum. M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his inquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it up on call, but that it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple witted self-deception.

THE GATHERER.

A STRANGE CUSTOM.

In Spain, after a woman has obliged her gallant by all possible civillities and compliance, to confirm her kindness she would show him her foot, and this they called the highest favor. The feet of queens were so sacred, that it was a crime to think, or at any rate to speak of them. On the arrival of the Princess Maria Anna of Austria, the bride of Philip IV. in Spain, a quantity of the finest silk stockings were presented to her in a city where there is manufactories of that article. The major domo of the future queen threw back the stockings with indignation, exclaiming, "Know that the queens of Spain have no feet!" When the young bride heard this, she began to weep bitterly, declaring she would return to Vienna, and that she would never have set foot in Spain had she known that her feet were to be cut off. This ridculous etiquette was on one occasion carried still further: One day, as the second consort of Charles II. was riding a spirited horse the animal reared on his hinder legs. At the moment when the horse seemed on the point of falling back with his fair rider, the queen slipped off on one side, and remained with one of her feet hanging in the stirrup. The unruly beast, irritated still more at the burden which fell on one side, kicked with the utmost violence in all directions. In the first moments of danger and alarm, no person durst venture to the assistance of the queen for this reason, that excepting the king and the chief of the menimos, or little pages, no person of the male sex was allowed to touch any part of the queens of Spain, and least of all their feet. As the danger of the queen augmented, two cavaliers ran to her relief. One of them seized the bridle of the horse while the other drew the queen's foot from the stirup, and in performing this service, dislocated his thumb. As soon as they had saved her life, they hastened away with all possible expedition, ordered their fleetest horses to be saddled, and were just preparing for their flight out of the kingdom, when a messenger came to inform them, that, at the queen's intercession, the King had pardoned the crime they had committed in touching her person.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S FIDDLE.

This, though the fiddle of a Scotchman, is not emphatically "The Scotch fiddle." The anecdote is related by a Caladonian preacher of this city. A respectable minister of the kirk in Scotland, who had a fondness for musick, was accustomed to divert himself by playing on the bass viol. His indulgence in this innocent amusement had like to have proved fatal to his reputation, for it was noised abroad among his parishoners, that he was in the habit of playing the fiddle, which among the rigid and superstitious is reckoned as the devil's own instrument. What was to be done? The good people heard with horror, that their pastor was a mere fiddle—a man of Belial.

But the Scotch are proverbial for their prudence and moderation; and therefore instead of condemning their minister unheard, they thought it would be no more than just to inquire into the truth of the injurious report. Accordingly having met in solemn assembly, they appointed a delegation, consisting of some of the main pillars of the kirk, to wait upon the parson and inquire into the matter. They went to the minister's house, and were convinced both by occular and auricular demonstration, that there was no truth in the rumour, and that the parson had been grossly slandered. They returned to the people to make their report, and said—"We have been wrangly informed in what was tauld us anent the feedling of our worthy minister—gude safe us! It is na the *little weeked feedle*, that he makes use of but it is the *big godly feedle*."—*Ed. Journal.*

PRIVATE FORTUNES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Crœsus possessed in landed property a fortune of £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say, that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2, 500,000. Lentulus, the soothsayer, had £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £3,500,000. The debts of Milton amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office; owed £2,995,000; he purchased the friendship of Curius for £500,000, and Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of £300,000; he owed this sum to the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered £147,000 of the public treasures. Appicus expended in debauchery £500,000; and finding, on the examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than £80,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Servilla the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £80,000. Claudius, the son of Eropus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8,000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000, and Heliosabulus £20,000. The usual cost for a repast for Lucullus was £20,000. Misalla gave £400,000 for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish ponds were sold for £35,000, Seausus' country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at £850,000. Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent £187,500.

LAST WILLS.

There exists in the minds of many people—otherwise well disposed—a singular and unaccountable objection to the disposition of their property by will. In some it appears to be the influence of an idle superstition as the harbinger of their own death. An idea certainly likely to be realized, if deferred until affected by violent illness. In these circumstances, the mere agitation arising from a sense of neglected duty, in the exertion of repairing it, may very naturally involve dangerous results. But he must be of a very weak mind, who supposes that the disposition of property in one instrument is more likely to anticipate his hour, than a sale of it in another.

To make a will is in the cases of most men a matter of positive duty. And as such Wesley frequently enforced it upon his hearers. It is said that on one occasion he so wrought upon the conscience of one of his congregation, that he went home with a resolution instantly to repair his neglect. And the excitement of his feelings operated so powerfully upon him, then being in a weak state of health, that death overtook him before he had accomplished his purposes.

That the making of a last will is a religious duty, no one of course, can uphold, but that it may become a duty; and that its neglect may be in the highest degree criminal, are considerations which deeply affect every man. Indeed we can conceive of very few cases in which a man's duty in life can be regarded as fulfilled, if this be neglected. The case of a father, a widower, with only one child, and a moderate fortune, may seem to be that in which a testamentary disposition, or limitation of the property, is useless, and yet it may be a question whether the habit, sex, disposition, and qualities of the offspring, do not render an omission of such disposal as may secure him from probable evils, an obligation incumbent on the parent.

Few men can make their own wills, and perhaps none ought to attempt it without reference to counsel, even in cases where there are no complicated bequests, and where the testator understands his own intentions, a matter by no means of universal occurrence. There are many peculiarities relating to execution which can be known only to a professional man. Sir W. Blackstone, we believe, recommends to medical and clerical persons, the instruction of themselves in the draughting of wills, so that, when *in extremis*, the dying person may not really be *inops concilii*.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is any advantage to professional men that they should be employed to make wills. As a matter of compensation, it is of small consideration. As a matter of labour and concoction, frequently of great difficulty. Few disputes grow out of wills drawn up by lawyers. Few quarrels indeed ever occur after application to a lawyer of any respectability in the first instance for advice, but in general, men work themselves into a dispute, and when interest, self-love, and the pride of opinion are fully excited on both sides, lawyers are sought rather as means of gratifying malevolence, than of allaying irritation.—*Journal of Law.*

From the German.—The world is a theatre.—mankind the performers; chance disposes the play, fortune distributes the parts, fools move the machinery, and philosophers are the spectators. The boxes are for the rich; the pit for the powerful; and the gallery for the people; beauty bears about the refreshments; tyrants sit at the pay places; folly makes the concert, those who are abandoned by fortune snuff the candles; time draws the curtain; and the drama is called "the perpetual sameness.

"Arrah, Teddy, an' was'nt your name Teddy O' Byrne before you left ould Ireland?" "Sure it was, my darlin." "But, my jewell, why then you add the

s, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes now?" "Why, ye spalpeen! havn't I got married since I kem to Amerikv? an' ar you so ignorant of grammaties, that you dont know when one *thing* is added to another, it becomes ral?"

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1840.

ITEMS OF FOREIGN NEWS.—Cabrera, the great Carlist chief is reported to be dead. His death will probably end the prospects of Don Carlos. The money market, both in France and England, continues to gradually improve. It is said, on the marriage of Queen Victoria, that lords Melbourne and Palmerston, the Marquis of Lansdowne and Sir John Hobhouse will be raised to the peerage.

There has been a fight, or rather a slaughter of the Chinese, by the English. It would apppear by Capt. Storer, of the Talbot, that a most murderous affray had taken place. It seems that an adjustment of difficulties had been effected, by which the English ships were to be allowed to proceed to Canton upon certain conditions, for the purpose of carrying on their trade. Many of these conditions were most unsatisfactory to the British—certain bonds were to be signed, certain declarations to be made, ships to be searched, and cargoes confiscated in case any opium was found on board. They were, however, induced to agree to the conditions for the purpose of renewing their trade again.—Two merchant ships consequently, sailed up to Whampoa, accompanied, however, by Capt. Elliott and two vessels of war. A misunderstanding then arose in consequence of the Chinese demanding the surrender for trial before their own courts, of the British sailor who was charged with having murdered a Chinese some time before. This captain Elliott refused and immediately sailed in the sloop of war Vogue to stop all other British vessels from coming up and keep them out of the reach of the Chinese. He then sent a letter ashore to the Cumshi, which was returned unopened.

Shortly afterwards the Chinese war junks, to the number of 300, came around the sloop of war, on board of which Capt. Elliott was, and he concluding that they intended to attack him, sent word to them, that if they did not go off in thirty minutes, he would fire into them. The thirty minutes expired, and the war junks remained immoveable. The sloop of war then opened her fire upon them, sunk two of the war junks blew up two others, and it is believed killed five hundred Chinese. The Chinese made no resistance, did not even fire a single gun, but at last made off as fast they could. Captain Elliott, it is added, intended to blockade the port of Canton, immediately with what force he had, and more was daily expected.

The Americans still remain on good terms with the Chinese, and are driving a very profitable business with them.

An underground Affair.—Some workmen in N. Orleans, while excavating foundations for building on the square formerly occupied by the old prison, discovered vaults at the depth of eight feet below the surface of the earth, arched with strong iron bars, on which thick brick foundations had been formerly built. In one of the vaults, the Picayune says, there was found a gold crucifix, weighing 28 lbs., as also a quantity of human bones.

The building which formerly occupied this square were the property of the Jesuits more than one hundred years ago.

Another new County proposed.—A meetting was held at Newburgh on the 20th ult. for the purpose of cutting out of Orange and Ulster a new county, to be called Newburgh; and a petition to the Legislature for that purpose was adopted. The towns which they propose to cut off from Ulster are Shawangunk, Plattekill, and Marlborough, which they contemplate adding to Newburgh, Crawford, Montgomery, Cornwall, New Windsor, and part of Blooming Grove, and thus form the new county.

On the 20th ult. two individuals named Bronson, father and son, aged 59 and 15 years, were drowned in Toronto Bay, by the breaking through of the ice in the bay on, which they were driving a sleigh load of fish. Their bodies were recovered the following day, lockep in each other's arms.

The New York Sun in its list of Amusements in that city has the following classical announcement, of the *intellectual*, at the Chatham Theatre.

"On Wednesday, Pelham dancing and singing Jim-along-Josey, Jinney get your hoe cake done, and comes the Long Island and Old Wirginny Break-downs, for his Benefit, assisted by a number of other darkies."

It is stated in several of the papers that nineteen persons were surprised at Monticello, (Florida) and every one butchered in their beds by the Indians, among whom were many defenceless women and children. How cruel it is for the people of Florida, to desire blood hounds to hunt out these poor children of nature!!!

COMMON COUNCIL.—The application of the Mohawk and Hudson Rail-road Company, for an extension of their rails from the present termination of the main line at the south bounds of the city, to some convenient place near the Albany Basin and Steam-boat landing; and also the application for the removal of the South-Market-House,—were severally denied by the Board on Monday evening last.—*Daily Adv.*

Of the first application, we know very little about.—We suppose the Rail-road Company, have privileges enough. But the removal of the South Market is called for by every consideration of general interest and public accommodation. No location along our wharves would afford a better berth for Steam-boats coming to our city, than this, the expense considered. The S. Market, scarcely pays enough to keep it in yearly repair, and why any portion of citizens can be opposed to its removal, can be accounted for, in no other way than in those petty, jarring interests, which too often oppose the public wants of the city, and keeps us fifty years behind the "intelligence" of our neighbors who have already made our want of harmony a by word. This should not be so. "The greatest good for the greatest number," should be our governing rule.

[COMMUNICATED.]

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.—Mr. Charles Whitney, Professor of Elocution, has established a vocal gymnasium at the New Exchange, for the promotion of health-improvement in declamation, fencing, singing, etc.

The term gymnastics in its widest sense, signifies all bodily exercises; in a more limited sense, exercises systematically adapted to develope the physical powers, and preserve them in perfection, which constitutes the art of gymnastics properly so called.

By the term vocal gymnastics, may be understood exercises of the organs of speech, systematically adapted to develope their powers, and enable them to act with rapidity, precision, and effect. While *vocal gymnastics* give a keenness to appetite, they are a powerful means of promoting digestion.

One of the most hopeful expedients to ward off consumption and dyspepsy, is a well regulated and persevering course of vocal gymnastics.

Mr. Whitney's gymnasium is in the large hall of the *New Exchange, No.* 10.

The quantity of public lands sold during the year 1838 was 3,424,907 acres, the purchase money of which was $4,305,561. During the first half year of 1839, the quantity sold was 3,771,994 acres, and the purchase money $4,768,952.

At a Regular Meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 12, of I. O. O. F. the following Brethren were elected officers, for the ensuing year:—

John D. Chism, M. N. G.
John W. Dean, V. G.
Robt. H. Fraser, Sec'y.
Wm. Lundy, jun'r Treas.

Washington Lodge, holds its meetings, on Thursday of each week, at Stanwix Hall.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. held on Thursday evening the 20th Inst., P. J. Arnauld was expelled from the Lodge, and from the Order in general for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow.

Robert H. Fraser, Sec'y.

Albany, Feb'y. 24th 1840.

INTELLIGENCE.

DARING ROBBERY, AND EFFECTUAL RESISTANCE.

New-York, Monday, March 2nd, 1840.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Your reporter's account of the "daring robbery" committed in my house on Friday evening last differed so essentially in all its relations from the facts, as they occured, that I am induced to lay them before you as they actually happened: and if the public should derive any interest or profitable lesson from the narration, I shall be happy in having obliged them.

At about half-past 12 o'clock I was awakened from sleep, in the conviction that some living movement was in my bed room, and near my bed. Every muscle was put at rest, and the eyes and ears only in eager inquiry for the object. The blood at first rushed so rapidly by my ears into the brain, that both sight and sound were deceptive; but as the circulation grew calm both senses improved, and I finally saw, as in a mist of thick darkness, the figure of a man exactly before my face, and within reach of my hand.

My first thoughts were employed in devising means of escape, and I resorted to the stratagem of elevating the bed clothes on my feet and hands, till I could toss them over his head like a net. This done I seized my cane and left the room, without even closing the door after me, and made the best of my way down stairs, and was much surprised to find myself arrested by a guard placed inside the front door which led to the street.—Wishing to avoid collision with this man, I continued down the next stairway to the basement, and here I found another guard posted behind this door. Here my means of escape being entirely cut off, my cowardice failed me as being no longer available, and well knowing that these men had too much sagacity to leave me able to sound the alarm on their retreat, the courage that came was not the courage of a brave man, but courage resulting from desperate circumstances, and I poised my weapon with deadly aim at the only object that prevented my escape.

The weapon is a single spear of steel about five inches long, set in the foot of a cane, and when in common use is covered by a silver ferrule screwed over it. It looked so exactly like a cane that the man was impaled on its point before he was aware of its character, and yet he fought with such desperation, pinioned as he was, that I felt my fears returning upon me; but he grew weaker, and my courage revived. About this time a man came down the stairs behind, and throwing his light transiently upon us, discovered our position,

and closed it again. I changed my position, and placed my back against the wall, to defend myself from my new assailant. He approached us in the dark, and when passing I sent a blow at random that felled him in the corner of the hall next his companion still standing.

I availed myself of the opportunity to retreat into my office adjoining the hall, with the hope of escaping through the window on to the side walk. I had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door when I received a blow behind the ear and on the neck that staggered me about twelve feet in to a large office chair, which fell over, and I with it. By the time I regained my feet, I felt the grasp of a hand on my shoulder: we closed, and I got what wrestlers call the under-hold, but it availed me little. I was thrown with great force upon the floor, and my antagonist on top of me. I kept my arms clasped firmly around him, and pressed him closely to my chest and face, that I might prevent him from striking or using his knife, if he had one. In a moment he said "I am stabbed," and the warm blood poured so profusely into my face, that I turned aside my mouth and nose to free my breathing.

He grew weak at once, and I turned him off from me, and half rising, with one knee on the floor, I received a blow on the pit of the stomach that deprived me of all farther apprehension and consciousness, and when I awoke I found myself solus, and in a cold perspiration, with no other suffering but sickness and vomiting.—Vomiting seemed to restore my circulation, and I became warm, and in a short time I was able to get in the 2d story, and ring for the servants, who slept five stories above the affray. They furnished me with warm water and dry night clothes, and I went to bed less exhausted than agitated, and slept but little. When daylight shone in upon the battle floor, it presented a terrific scene. The hall, from the front door to the office door, a distance of 15 feet, was covered with blood, and in many places so thick and clotted as to cover the floor cloth. The office chairs were overthrown, papers scattered about and bespattered with blood. About 20 square feet of the carpet was red, and about seven square feet was soaked in blood. Out on the steps to the side walk it was traced in streams, and on the opposite Greene street corner it was renewed, and from there, in the centre of Greene street, it was traced to Fourth street, and again in Greene; near Houston, the position of a man sitting was marked, in blood.

I have received no very serious injury. The stab in the arm has wounded but slightly the tendon of the principal muscle, and as a precautionary measure, I keep it in a ribbon to keep it from motion and prevent inflammation. The stab in the side was stopped by a rib. The heart is under obligation to this rib for protection and to God for placing it there. The blow received in my neck causes most pain, and fatigues it in carrying the head. My nervousness and agitation was cured by nine hours of good sleep.

I have every reason to believe that there were four men in the house, that but one followed me into the basement; that the man guarding the upper front door suspecting what was going on below, abandoned his post and fled; that the man in the office was in the subordinate capacity of carrier of booty, as he took no part in the affray until I retreated there on my way to the window; and that he was unprovided with lights or weapons, as he used none that the knife found in the blood where he lay was dropped by his companion. When the mistake was discovered, in the entrance of his friend "I am stabbed;" and that I am indebted to this circumstance for the blow that ended the affray, instead of the knife.

There was a remarkable agreement among them in the concealment of lights and voices. The last light that I saw was the light thrown upon us in the affray at the basement door, when the man first came down stairs, the light of my antagonist being already extinguished in the scuffle. There was no voice heard, except the one I have alluded to, "I am stabbed"—and my preservation is owing to the observance of their rule, "perfect silence," as in this way the man was stabbed by his friend. If they had a light left them to ascertain my farther ability for resistance, a single glance would have satisfied them that it was all over. My night dress when dry, would stand alone from the stiffening of blood, and my face and grey hairs were of the same color. My fainting continued till I was relieved by vomiting.

The crime of house breaking and robbing has been so common that every reflecting man has thought of it, and thought of what he should do in such an event. I had marked out my course with great coolness and precision, never doubting till I was put on trial that I had courage enough to spare, to meet all emergencies. But this experience, and the amount of all my experience in life, satisfies me that a man cannot anticipate what he will do, or how he will act, in any given circumstances that have not tried him, and when he thinks he is acting for himself, and in his own might, he forgets the eye that sees for him, the ear that hears for him, and the arm that sustains and guides him. guidance and protection is as important to him in the sunshine as in the storms and tempests of life, and if it be for one moment withdrawn from him, he would be equally taken by surprise whether that storm or the tempest, or that sunshine only, was present.

I am truly your friend,
F. VANDE BURGH.

Robbery.—Mr. Sherman, a respectable farmer of the town of Deerfield, was met by three men on the dyke, between this city and Deerfield, on Thursday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, and robbed of twelve hundred dollars!—*Utica Observer.*

Death of Francis Bloodgood.—It is our painful duty to announce the death of another of our oldest and most respected citizens. FRANCIS BLOODGOOD, Esq. who has been in declining health for several months, expired this (Thursday) morning. He has been, for forty years, one of our most useful and reputable citizens. He was many years Clerk of the Supreme Court, several years Mayor of the City, at the time of his death President of the State Bank; and always distinguished for his excellence of heart and integrity of character.—*Eve. Jour.*

The Water Witch, Lieut. H. J. Matson, captured on the 27th September the Portugese schooner Sette de Abril (late Mary Cushing) with 457 slaves, being the third vessel, and 1131 slaves, during the four months she has been on the station. The sailing qualities of the Water Witch are said to be extraordinary, beating Capt. Symond's vessel, Wolverine, Dolphin, etc., on every point of sailing.—*London paper.*

Homicide.—A man of desperate character, says the Columbia (N. C.) Carolinian, of the 14th inst., named John Whitecotton, was killed in the lower part of this District, on Tuesday last, by the Deputy Sheriff, Mr. Z. Bates, while in the performance of his official duty. It said that Mr. B. had arrested or was in the act of arresting him, under the authority of a bench warrant, and being resisted with a dirk and pistol, shot him dead with a pistol.

Assassination.—A Mr. Robert Lonkridge, of St. Louis, has been arrested and committed on a charge of having hired two slaves to assassinate a Mr. Crammer of that city. The negroes shot at Mr. C. with a rifle, as he was standing in his door—the shot taking effect in his shoulder, but it was supposed the wound would not prove mortal.

Man poisoned by shot.—A colored man, named Boyer, died in Philadelphia on Friday from the poisoned effects of shot that were left in a bottle of cider that he drank. The shot had been used in cleansing the bottle; and had remained in it by accident.

LIBEL.—Mr. Richard Hildreth, of Boston, has sued Chas. G. Greene; of the Morning Post, for twenty thousand dollars damages for expressing a belief that he is insane. The Post remarks, "that if suing a printer for $20 000 is not sufficient evidence that a man is crazy, there is no use in having the Worcester hospital

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Another Murder.—James R. Whelan, a clerk in the Union Bank of Mississippi, was basely murdered in front of the capitol, at Jackson, on the 11th inst. by a man named Pomroy. They were both intoxicated at the time, when a petty dispute arising, Pomroy drew a bowie knife and stabbed Whelan mortally. Pomroy has been arrested.

And still another.—David Allen, of Gananoque, near Kingston, U. C., is in prison on a charge of murdering a man whose name is not known, under the following circumstances; Allen had accused the deceased of stealing; the deceased went to Allen and told him to clear up the charge, or he would take it out of his (Allen's) hide; where upon Allen seized a shovel, and with it inflicted upon the deceased a blow, which brought him down, and soon produced death.

Dr. Larry has communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, a successful mode (adopted by the Egyptians) of preventing any disfigurement from scars by the small pox. The patient from the first outbreak of the fever, until the height is passed, has the face covered morning and evening with gold leaf which is applied with a gum water, and remains perfectly fast and smooth even during continuance that the pock is confluniered, and the face swollen; except in one or two small places, where the pillow may accidentally rub the gold off and it has also the additional quality of allaying the irritation which usually accompanies this distressing malady.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

A Certain Remedy for Sick Headache.—Our benevolence and philanthropy induces us to make the following public. We can only say, that if the advice, strictly followed, should not afford immediate relief the dose had better be repeated; and if it then fails we shall be surprised. "It will do no harm if it does no good." Try it.

On its first appearance, sit down and enclose in a letter to the printer, a five dollar bill in advance. The letter need not be long.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—During the severe snow storm, on Wednesday night last, as the Chicago mail sleigh was passing from Peru to Hennepin, and when within four or five miles of the latter place, the driver got lost, and with the passengers remained out all night. The snow had completely obliterated the track, so as to make it impossible, in the absence of all houses, fences or other land marks, to keep it. The wind also was directly ahead, and blowing with great violence. There were two passengers, who encouraged the driver to keep the team in motion, and thus four hours were spent in wandering about prairie. Reaching at length a clump of trees, they determined to make a halt, and wait for daylight. The driver, in securing his horses, became necessarily more exposed to the storm, and ready to perish ere he had finished. The two passengers, one of whom was Mr. Bigelow, railroad contractor, were provided with buffalo robes, and laid down in snow, which was whirled about them with the wind with unremitting fury. Mr. Bigelow says he felt a strong tendency to sleep which he knew must prove the sleep of death. Rousing himself, therefore, he sprang to his feet, and with his fellow passenger, proceeded to look after the driver, who was found almost lifeless. By shaking and rousing him to exercise, conciousness was at length restored, and the group adopting various expedients to keep in motion until daylight, then saw where they were, and in an hour afterwards reached Hennepin.—*Peoria Reg.*

MARRIED.

In Binghampton, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Gregory, Rev. Samuel Bush, Pastor of the Congregational Church in that village, to Miss Betsy, daughter of Stephen Weed, Esq.

In St Johnsville, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Myres Mr Geo. Grinnell, of Dewitt, Onondaga co., to Miss Permelia, daughter of Mr. Archibald Perkins of Syracuse.

DIED.

In this city Mrs. Margaret Russell, in the 80th year of her age.

At New-York, on Sunday evening, the 23d inst., in his 95th year, James Maury, formerly Consul of the United States at Liverpool

In this city on Wednesday last, of consumption, Margaret, eldest daughter of M. McGinn.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

THE KITE—AT SUNSET ON THE HUDSON.

BY M'CLELLAND CUSHMAN.

See! streaking up the mountain's deep'ning blue,
A swanlike thing that Courts intense the view;
That skyward proudly soars; yet, alternate,
Earthward swoops, toward a crag quite desolate—
Perchance, some wand'ring preybird, lur'd from far,
Whose quarry seeks, but finds no shelter there.
No! an unseen influence marks its course—
Wingless! it soars a height and falls, per-force:
And strings thrumb'd by the gale, throb other
Strings—the heart's—as the young hands tether
It to earth amain, and gaze in rap't delight,
As high and gairish sweeps the gallant Kite.

Is there a joy in manhood's boasted pow'r
That will compare with these, joys of an hour
When youth and health, and spirits high and yare—
All the joysprings of prime—flow'd free and fair?
Ah me! I sigh—but sigh in vain—to deem
As once—that all things wear the forms they seem.

Albany, Sep. 1834.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

"AMONG THE TOMBS."

Mark, 5 Chap. 3d Verse.

Among the tombs! Fit place for shatter'd mind;
Where desolation over all has thrown
A sable pall. Where lie the gathered wrecks
Of brightest hopes and most aspiring dreams;
Of flowers of fragrant freshness; and of Strength
That erst dependence rested on with faith.

All here is ruin. Unto dust returned
The noble mansion of the Soul gives birth
To the vile insect and the senseless shrub—
Fit place for gloom, destruction and despair.

Among the tombs! Fit place for sober thought.
Where pride is humbled and vain pomp abashed,
Where man is seen *as man* and truth is felt,
Where, if the sophistry of earth intrudes,
The mind detects its falshood and the heart
Yields to the truth that earth is not our home.

O bring the Gospel here! without its light
This gloom is thick and awful. Let me hear
And let my heart believe the word that comes
From Him who burst the tomb to seal its truth.
"The dead in Christ shall live."

P. Jr.

Albany Feb. 1840.

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Though crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She moves as merry as the morning air,
Unmarked by grief, unsorrowed by a care;
Darkness shall bear the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within.

At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drowsy feelings of the day,
Touched by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,—
Unhallowed Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutterable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On every limb shall creeping terrour come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And fancy flutter round the gulf of hell!

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;
His spirit bosomed on the God of all,
Peace to the hour! whate'er the night befall;
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart;
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood, battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
"And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height;
"One mournful embrace!" sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company!

"O had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
So now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
The weather is cold for a watery bier:
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."

HONOR.

[From the Geman of Albert Haller.]

Honour! thou well-prized nothing! thee
The idol of antiquity,
Men worship now as heretofore:
Daughter of vanity, Fool's wish, a sound
Whose magic influence reigns around;
What is the merit we adore?

In young creation's golden times
Thou wert the harbinger of crimes;
By thee the price of blood was taught;
By thee the caverns of the earth
Were oped to aid destruction's birth,
And the swords' glittering blades were wrought.

From thee man caught ambition's thirst,
The deadly madness to be first;
For empire bartering his repose.
With fears o'erburthened, and the care
Of millions, a friendless life to wear—
Can sceptres weigh such ills as these?

Yet great souls think thee most divine,
All knowledge and all art is thine;
Virtue, unpropped by thee decays;
The exalted philosophic mind
Thee only— not their wondrous ways.

Thou leadest armed hosts along,
Thro' thickest danger's fiery throng;
In joy they marsh to meet the grave.
At thy command men cast away
That which, if rescued from the away,
They'd sacrifice their all to save.

How num'rous they whose death-wounds bleed
In vain, to gather glory's meed:
For fame is partial—rare the lot
Of him whose noble deeds attain
Eternal memory—many men
Like heroes die, and—are forgot.

What add'st thou to the sweets of life,
Thou posthumous reward of strife!
Content with thee is seldom seen;
Thou dwell'st with tyranny and pride,
All splendour, pomp and noise outside,
All gloom and emptiness within.

TO THE DEAD.

It is a hushed and holy spot
Where death has wrought thy dreamless bed,
And bade thee still, all unforgot,
Forget that charter of the dead!

At length thy heart is cold; the pain
Which wrings my own thou canst not see,
Nor turn to smiles this sullen train,
Which soothes—because it breathes of *thee!*

If once my spirit stole the vow,
But due to love, to waste on fame,
My only wish for laurels now
Would be—to wreathe them round thy name.

I would not thou shouldst cease to live
While fame its being can bestow,
And to our broken passion give
The deathless memory of our woe.

In life, a widowed lot we bore,
But all my own in death thou art!
The grave, which severs hands the more,
But breaks the barriers from the heart.

As he who felt a charmed doom,
And saw friends—empires—ages fade,
I live—a weed that wreathes its bloom
Around the wrecks which time has made!

Hope's latest link from life is wrenched!
The bird which blest the night, is fled!
The lamp, which lit the tomb, is quenched!
I stand in darkness with the dead!

THE DEATH BED.

There was an hour of weeping—for the young
And beautiful was sinking in the wave
Which rolls in bitterness upon the shore
Of Being, and a spirit on the wing
For Heaven, yet lingered, in that last strange dream,
Whose waking is Eternity. Her eye
Was closed by fallen lashes; and a smile
Hung on her lip, as imaged by the bright
Revealments from the spiritual world of joy.
She lay there in her loveliness—a bud
Rent from its parent stem, ere yet its bloom
Had opened to the spring time. On her cheek
Crimson and paleness came—at last life's light
Went trembling into darkness. It was hard—
Yea—very hard to die:

There came a change—
A murmur and a shudder like the leaf
Which trembles ere it falls. One feeble sigh—
An inarticulate motion of the lip—
And all was o'er. The prisoned soul was free!—

Young Ladies Journal

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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